

half on, hair hangin' in a braid—an' flew betwixt 'um, cryin', 'It is my fault! it is my fault!' Just then came a thunderbolt like the crack o' doom. Lightenin' tore through winder-sash an' struck the pretty dear in her young husband's arms—dead—clean dead. All on 'um ware knocked flat. Ole squire, ole squire's lady—who was cryin' in her chair—me, that ware wishin' I could blast ole squire—an' him, and her—locked in his arms. They buried her while he ware ravin' like a madman in fever. Ole squire an' ole squire's lady got over it gradual, but *he* would never see neither one again. Ole squire's lady peeked an' pined away within the year, an' ole squire follered not long after. Young squire never smiled till one night *she* came back. An' back she comes every night sence. Lights burnin' by day is no good, *they* know."

His dim eyes peered fearfully around. I could not speak. I held out my hand to this faithful old soul, and hurried away. I heard him wheezing behind me: "Twenty year sence a livin' man has crossed young squire's doorstep."

Six months later, when again in Rome, my eye was caught by Ralph's name in an American paper. A mere scrap, as you see, carelessly cast aside as waste paper. I read and reread it, fascinated by the horror of it. Read it, and you will know all I know of my boyhood's friend.

I remain, yours, etc., etc., D. F. ALLEN.

* * * * *

"A shocking tragedy occurred yesterday near the village of Bondale. During a fearful storm, Ralph Ainsworth, an eccentric recluse, was literally torn to pieces by the terrific lightning. It is supposed—"

THE HISTORY OF "PUNCH."

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE first number of the periodical which has caused two generations of Britons to "guffaw" all over the habitable globe made its appearance on the 17th day of July, 1841, or forty-seven years ago. *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, the English comic journal, *par excellence*, is a weekly magazine of wit, humor and satire, in prose and verse, copiously illustrated by sketches, caricatures and emblematical devices. It draws its material as freely from the most exalted spheres of foreign politics as from the provincial nursery; and dealing with every side of life, is not less observant of the follies of Belgravia than of the peculiarities of Cockneydom. Stern in the exposure of shame and vice, *Punch* is yet kindly when it makes merry over innocent foibles. Usually a *censor morum* in the guise of Joe Miller, a genial English Democritus who laughs and provokes to laughter, *Punch* at times weeps with those who weep, and in sad, sober earnest pays a poetical tribute to the memory of the departed great.

This, to British idea, wittiest of serial prints, founded, as stated, nearly half a century ago, under the joint editorship of Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks soon became a household word, while ere long its satirical cuts and witty rhymes were admittedly a power in the land. *Punch* is recognized as an English institution, and in corners of Europe, Asia, Africa and America the Briton will be found "grinning from ear to ear, like a Cheshire cat," over a copy of this facetious journal. Their contributions to *Punch* helped to make Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Tom Taylor and Burnard, its present editor, and author of "Happy Thoughts," as their illustrations have done for "Dicky"

Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier, Sambourne, Keen, and lastly, a clever young Irishman, Harry Furniss.

The following address was presented to his readers by Mr. Punch on the occasion of making his first bow:

"INTRODUCTION.

"This Guffawgraph is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit—an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes—the superannuated Joe Millers—the millions of perishing puns which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon! It is, also, devoted to the emancipation of the Jew *d'esprits* all over the world, and the naturalization of those alien Jonathanas whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land.

"*Punch* has the honor of making his appearance every Saturday, and continues from week to week to offer to the world all the fun to be found in his own and the following heads:

"POLITICS.

"*Punch* has no party prejudices—he is Conservative in his opposition to *fantoctism* and political puppets, but a progressive Whig in his love of *small change*.

"FASHIONS.

"This department is conducted by Mrs. J. Punch, whose extensive acquaintance with the *lille co.* areas enables her to furnish the earliest information of the movements of the fashionable world.

"POLICE.

"This portion of the work is under the direction of an expert nobleman—a regular attendant at the various offices—who, from a strong attachment to *Punch*, is frequently in a position to supply exclusive reports.

"REVIEWS.

"To render this branch of the periodical as perfect as possible, arrangements have been made to secure the critical assistance of John Ketch, Esq., who, from the mildness of the law, and the congenial character of modern literature with his early associations, has been induced to undertake its *execution*.

"FINE ARTS.

"Anxious to do justice to native talent, the criticisms upon painting, sculpture, etc., are confided to one of the most popular artists of the day—*Punch's* own immortal scene-painter.

"MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"These are almost the most prominent features of the work. The musical notices are written by the gentleman who plays the mouth-organ, assisted by the professors of the drum and cymbals. *Punch* himself does the drama.

"SPORTING.

"A prophet is engaged! He foretells not only the winners of each race, but also the "vates" and colors of the riders.

"THE FACETIE

"Are contributed by the members of the following learned bodies:

"The Court of Common Council and the Zoological Society; the Temperance Association and the Waterproofing Company; the College of Physicians and the Higgate Cemetery; the Dramatic Authors' and the Mendicity Societies; the Beefsteak Club and the Anti-Dry-Rot Company.

"Together with original, humorous and satirical articles in verse and prose, from all the

"Funny dogs with comic tails."

The elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind at this bright particular midsummer of 1841, the latter resulting in a Liberal defeat, the Tories coming into power with a sweeping majority. *Punch's* first important political cartoon represents Hercules (Sir Robert Peel) tearing Thebesus (Lord John Russell) from the Rock (The Treasury Bench) to which he had grown; and its second, "The Letter of Introduction"—the youthful Queen about to open a letter of introduction presented to her by Sir Robert Peel, who has been sent for to undertake the onerous task of forming a Ministry.

On the occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales,

November 9th, 1841, Mr. Punch published a Poem to a Princelet, from which the following is a quotation :

"Huzza! we've a little Prince at last,
A roaring, royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.
And the little park-guns have blazed away,
And made a tremendous noise,
Whilst the air hath been filled since eleven o'clock
With the shouts of little boys;
And we have taken our little bell,
And rattled and laugh'd, and sang as well,
'Roo-too-toot! Shallalalla!
Life to the Prince! Fullalderella!"

On the 6th of December, 1842, the President of the United States, in his Message to Congress, referred to difficulties which had arisen between the United States and certain European Powers as to the right of search in connection with the slave-trade. One of these Powers was England. Lord Ashburton had been appointed to proceed on a special mission to the United States relative to certain disputes which had arisen between England and America with respect to the northwest boundary of the two countries, the "Right of Search" for slaves, and the extradition of criminals. He succeeded in making a treaty, which was ratified by the two Governments, and was regarded, pretty generally, as an amicable and mutually satisfactory settlement of the points at issue. It was signed at Washington by Lord Ashburton on the part of the British Government, and Mr. Webster on that of the United States. The terms of the treaty were, however, by some considered unfavorable to Great Britain, and Lord Palmerston subsequently called it a "capitulation." This point of view found favor with Mr. Punch, as shown in the cartoon "Fair Rosamond; Or, The Ashburton Treaty."

The political vagaries and mental versatility of Lord Brougham made him at this time a favorite subject with the caricaturists, and Mr. Punch in particular used him for some years as a standard butt. A cartoon entitled "A Scene in Westminster Circus" so cleverly hit off the characteristics of this extraordinary man, that it became exceedingly popular, and was modeled in plaster-of-paris, and sold by imagemen. They are favorites among those to-day.

Mr. Punch also "went for" Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, known as the "Liberator." In consequence of his action in connection with Repeal-of-the-Union meetings in Ireland, O'Connell was charged with conspiracy and misdemeanor. On the 23d of October, 1843, when presiding at the opening of the Repeal Association at Dublin, O'Connell said: "I wish that the first sentence which I have to utter in this hall shall be this truth—that there is but one way to obtain repeal of the Union, and that is by strictly peaceable means. . . . Every man who is guilty of the slightest breach of the peace is an enemy of mine and of Ireland." A true Bill was brought in against O'Connell by the Grand Jury, and Mr. Punch published the cartoon, "The Irish Frankenstein."

When the Post-office authorities, in their Secret Office, opened letters addressed to Mazzini, the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, was severely taken to task, and *Punch* embodies the general indignation at this violation of correspondence by depicting Sir James as "Paul Pry" in a telling cartoon representing him in the conventional costume peering intently into a letter.

Mr. Punch, in his "Twelfth Night Characters," 1844, takes a whack at Yankee Doo, in an illustration repre-

senting the stage Yankee with his thumb to his nose, the other hand behind his back clutching a roll of bills, and the verse,

"To lengthen life, a hint we get
Direct from the United States;
'Tis said that even 'Nature's debt'
America repudiates."

referring to the repudiation by several States of their public liabilities.

The Polka was the terpsichorean rage of the time (1844). Mr. Punch, in a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens," entitled, "Pretty Polka," represents the sentimental young lady at the close of the season:

"Darling Polka! ere we part
Hear the outpourings of my heart!
Since the season now is o'er,
Wretched I can polk no more.
Hear my vow before I go,
Polka mov sas agapoe."

"By the waltz's giddy round,
By the galop's maddening bound,
By the obsolete quadrille,
Polka mine! I love thee still!
Compared with thee each dance is slow,
Polka mov sas agapoe."

In the April of 1846 Congress passed a Bill providing for the occupation of the Oregon territory, respecting which a dispute between the United States and England had long been pending. A little later, President Polk accepted the convention submitted by Mr. Pakenham on behalf of the British Government, settling the boundary question, and the dispute was amicably adjusted.

The cartoon, "What? You Young Yankee Noodle, Strike your own Father?" shows Mr. Punch's views of the situation, while the following verses display very decided *animus*:

"A WASHINGTON WAR-CRY.

"Raise high the shout of warfare!
E'en now proud England cowers,
As Washington upon her head
Soom and saliva showers.
Soon the great Columbian Eagle
O'er ocean wide shall soar;
With cocktail and mint julep,
He's already half-seas o'er."

"Arise, arouse for Oregon!
Prate not to us of *Right*!
Sons of the Pilgrim fathers,
We take our stand on *Might*!
The favored rice of Freedom
Are not the men to flinch
From the spread of sacred slavery
And the blessed law of Lynch."

Mr. Punch gave the Prince of Wales a cartoon all to himself on the 31st of August, 1846: "Every Inch a Sailor." It is curious to compare the chubby youngster of forty-two years ago with the portly, paunched bald-head of to-day!

A clever caricature, "The Rising Generation," hit at Disraeli in 1847, showing no spirit of prophecy as to the future influence of the brilliant young Member.

In 1848 England was considerably exercised over the scare of an invasion of the "tight little island" by the French, and Mr. Punch covered himself with glory in a series of exceedingly diverting caricatures of a supposed foray, the verses being on a par with the illustrations.

One of the cleverest cartoons in *Punch* was that on which it proposed a scheme for preventing railway disasters. This was to tie two directors on the locomotive of



THE RISING GENERATION IN PARLIAMENT.

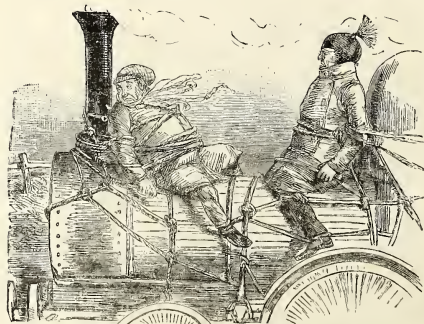
PEEL—"Well, my little man, what are you going to do this session, eh?"

D—LI (the juvenile)—"Why—aw—aw—I've made arrangements—aw—to smash—aw—everybody."

every train. The hit told, and has been referred to ever since.

Mr. Punch was an ardent admirer of Jenny Lind, and Richard Doyle's illustration of a Lind-night crush is in that artist's happiest vein. The letter-press gives the quaint phraseology of Pepys's "Diary":

"Saturday, 1849. To the Queen's House, in the Haymarket to hear Jenny Lind, whom everybody do call the Swedish Night-gale. Did go with a Pit ticket. Went at 6 p.m., expecting a crowd, and there was a mob of people already at the doors; some did say that they had come as early as five. Got as close as I could to the Pit-entrance, and the throng increasing; and by-and-by ladies in their opera dresses standing without their bonnets in



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS—TIE A COUPLE OF DIRECTORS *à la* MAZEPPA TO EVERY ENGINE THAT STARTS WITH A TRAIN.

the street, many of them between the carriage-wheels and under the horses' heads; and methinks I never did see more carriages together in my life."

The following lines can scarcely be called complimentary to the climate of England:

"The sun got up from his damp sea-bed,
For a tour of observation
He donned his paletot of London fog,
And his nightcap of Thames exhalation,
In whose fleecy haze he wraps up his rays,
When he visits the English nation."

The action of the Pope, in 1851, in giving the Catholic Vicars Apostolic in England titles of bishops of sees in that country excited strong feeling, and Sir George Grey introduced the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," which, after long discussion, finally passed. Lord Russell's course did not suit *Punch*, and he caricatured him very cleverly as bravely chalking "No Popery" on Archbishop Wiseman's door and then running away.

About this time the Bloomer costume in America



THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!" AND THEN RAN AWAY.

amused England greatly, and *Punch* gave his fancy picture, with its usual exaggeration of what were supposed to be American peculiarities.

On the 22d of August, 1851, the United States yacht *America* vanquished all the vessels of the Royal Yacht Club at Cowes. Mr. Punch published a cartoon which was almost prophetic.

"THE LAST APPENDIX TO 'YANKEE DOODLE,'

"Yankee Doodle sent to town
His goods for exhibition;
Everybody ran him down,
And laugh'd at his position:
They thought him all the world behind;
A goney, muff, or noodle;
'Laugh on, good people—never mind'—
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

"Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water;
Of all the lot she went ahead,
And they came nowhere arter.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc."

The Fisheries Question was as rampant in 1852 as it is to-day, despite the oil to be thrown on the waters by

"Joe" Chamberlain. Mr. Punch's cartoon, "John and Jonathan," might be republished at this writing.

The following has reference to a fisheries dispute which had arisen between Great Britain and the United States. On June 26th, 1852, the British Secretary of State for the Colonies addressed a note to our Government complaining of the encroachments of American vessels on British fisheries off the coast. "Take our word for it," said Mr. Punch, "there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to Mr. Thomas Daring that breathes nothing but port and sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms: 'Come and discuss the weather pleasantly. There will be only a quaint little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterward.'"

"A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN."

"Perish all the cod and mackerel in the ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with Brother Jonathan for a cause



LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS, 1851.

these great objects should be broken up, from the necessity of detailing the flagship of the Commodore to the protection of our Yankee fishermen in the Bay of Fundy.

"Now, Jonathan, are you not taking this querulous—and audibly nasal—tone rather inconsiderately? Does it not occur to you that you are a little inconsistent in setting out to convert the heathen to 'Commerce and Christianity' in one quarter of the globe, and going a-poaching in the other?"

"Never mind your colloquial of 'Commerce and Christianity.' Success to you in your endeavor to convert the Japanese to both your religions."

The general mismanagement of the army during the Crimean war gave *Punch* an opportunity which it used to advantage:

QUEEN TITANIA DECORATES BOTTOM.

(From SHAKESPEARE'S *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

SCENE—Near Windsor.

QUEEN TITANIA is discovered asleep. Enter the bad Fairies, CORONET, ROUTINE, NEPOTIST, RED TAPE, SYSTEM, BACKSTAIRS, TWADDLE and GOLDSTICK. They dance round her with sinister gestures. ROUTINE advances, with the flower *Hanbung*.

Routine. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for a hero take,

[Squeezes the flower on the QUEEN'S eyelids.
Honor it for England's sake.

If it be a quartermaster
Who hath wrought a host's disaster,
If it be a brainless lord,
Vain of trappings, spurs and sword,
In thine eye it shall appear
What a monarch should hold dear
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit Fairies.



SCENE FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (AS PERFORMED

AT WINDSOR CASTLE).

TITANIA (Queen of the Fairies), Her Majesty.
BOTTOM, by General Mismanagement.

as sealy as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarreling with Jonathan about fish at a time when our general enemy is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and heaven and earth, and another place, also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that Jonathan is now the only national creature of any importance, except ourself, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the soldier in the saddle, and the jack-priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to Jonathan at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world. We may, however, remonstrate with Jonathan in a brotherly way on occasion; and we do so remonstrate with him respecting the following passage from the *New York Herald*, on the supposition that it correctly expresses his mind as to the matter between us. 'It is a shame that the great expedition to Japan, for a hydrographical survey of those islands, and the conversion of the heathen therein to Commerce and Christianity—it is a burning shame that the expedition for



THE NEXT DANCE.

LORD PUNCH—"Now, my boy! There's your pretty cousin, Columbia—you don't get such a partner as that every day."

Enter BOTTOM, with an Ass's head.

Bottom. Truly, I have come from the Crimea, which some say is in Russia. Why I was sent thither I know not, being but an ass; but, marry, they were greater asses that sent me. I went to feed and to lead lions, and truly I have fed and led them, and that in such sort that they need feeding and leading no more. Now for my reward, for I humbly hope a worshipful ass may be rewarded for his good service. What have we here? A newspaper—laugh!

[Brays angrily and tramples on the Journal. The noise awakes TITANIA.]

Titania. I pray thee, gallant creature, sing again.

Mine eyes are much enamour'd of thy shape,
And in thy look wisdom and courage show,
Such was the head that on the Russian shore
Took order for the victuals of my troops,
And for their Winter blankets, and their huts.
Such was the head that plann'd that fatal charge,
And such the head that made it, and that after
Provided for the horses, and did teach them
How good for dinner were their fellows' tails.

Bottom. Truly, mistress, 'twas even no better and no worse a man, that is to say, an ass, than myself. But a modest ass will not praise himself. Wilt ask Will Russell, or John McNeill, or Darby Griffith, or Nanty Crookshank what a right precious ass I was?

Titania. I know thy deeds. My Ministers have told me,

As has my dear old woman, Mother Hardinge,
And all around me, on whose information
I must, perforce, rely, that thou hast done
That which should be rewarded. Therefore take
Orders, and rank, and pay, with our court favor

[Decorates him.]

Bottom. Behold, what an excellent thing it is to be an ass, in a wise country like unto England!

[Dances on the Newspaper, braying, until scene closes.]

The relations between Great Britain and the United States became much strained toward the middle of the year 1856, on account of what is known as the "Enlistment Question." President Pierce made a great stir concerning "the alleged infraction of international law, committed by Great Britain in permitting in Canada the enlistment of subjects of the United States under the recently passed 'Foreign Enlistment Act.'" In the March of 1856, the matter was made the subject of a passionate dispute in the United States Senate. On the 28th of May the feeling between America and Great Britain became so strong that Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, was instructed to leave Washington. Mr. Punch gave expression to his own feelings in the cartoon, "Come, Jonathan, why should we fight; am I not a man and a brother?"

Mr. Punch's first cartoon on the subject of our little difficulty with the South was presented to the British public in a cartoon, "The American Twins, or North and South," December 1st, 1856. The presentation to the Queen of the Arctic ship *Resolute* by American whalers led to some capital verses:

"United States, if our good-will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

* * *

"Strange it may seem, and yet is not:
The peril of the Free
All springs from one unhappy lot,
The taint of slavery.
That, that is all you have to dread;
Get rid of that and go ahead!"

Very prophetic words, written in 1856.

The *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* completed successfully the laying of the Atlantic Cable on the 5th of August,

1858, when *Punch*, with a cartoon, had the following announcement:

"FROM AMERICA (to dear old *Punch*): '*Punch*, my boy, let's liquor.'"

The first and second attempts to lay the Atlantic Cable gave rise to cartoons which caught the public taste.

A very amusing cartoon appeared December 1st, 1859, entitled, "Bow-wow!" in relation to the scare of the French invasion, a scare which caused the Volunteers to start into being. In regard to the Volunteers, Mr. Punch asked the following conundrum: "Why do the Volunteers resemble General Wolfe at Quebec?" "Because the last thing General Wolfe did was to die for his country, and it is about the *last* thing the Volunteers would think of doing."

Mr. Punch celebrated the Prince of Wales's visit to these shores by a cartoon, October 20th, 1860, entitled, "The Next Dance," and the following verses:

"THE NEXT DANCE.

"Yes, dance with him, lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us, he's worthy those sunshiny smiles;
Wave o'er him the flag of the Stripe and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

"We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

"And we'll claim, too, the omen—Fate, looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next tune she will play;
But if John and his Cousin join hands in the dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way."

On the 9th of June, 1862, appeared a highly sensational cartoon, "The Sensation Struggle in America."

The North and the South, in a death-grip, are using bowie-knives on the edge of a black abyss, in which the South is all but engulfed, while the North, still clinging to a broken branch almost severed from the tree, entitled, "The Union," is about to give the South the *coup de grace* upon the calling out, by President Lincoln, of a second levy of 300,000 men.

John Leech, the gifted artist and genial caricaturist of the *Victoria*, died October 29th, 1864. Mr. Punch's tribute is worthy of republication.

"JOHN LEECH.

"ORBIT OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.

"ÆTAT. 46.

"The simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago, a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kinder, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest.

"November the Fourth."

The assassination of President Lincoln gave birth to a very graceful and touching cartoon:

"BRITANNIA SYMPATHIZES WITH COLUMBIA."

The dead President lies upon a bed; Columbia, in uttermost grief, sits at the head; an unmanacled slave at the

foot. In the centre, Britannia, sorrow-stricken, places a wreath of *immortelles* on the lifeless hero's breast.

Earl Russell writing to Mr. Adams, the United States Minister, some time previous to December, 1865, had said: "Her Majesty Government are ready to consent to an appointment of a Commission to which shall be referred all claims arising out of the late Civil War, which the two Powers shall agree to refer to the Commissioners." On this day—December 4th—in his Annual Message to Congress, President Johnson, referring to the claims made by America upon England in consequence of the damage done to American commerce by the Confederate cruisers (the *Alabama*, and others), said that he had approved the proposal to submit the question to arbitration, which arbitration, however, had been declined by Great Britain; whilst, on the other hand, the proposition of a Joint Commission, which Great Britain desired to substitute for arbitration, had been found unsatisfactory, and therefore declined by the American Government. This gave birth to a cartoon:

"THE DISPUTED ACCOUNT."

"*Dame Britannia to Dame Columbia*—'Claim for damages against me? Nonsense, *Columbia*; don't be mean over money matters.'"

Mr. Punch's first cartoon on the subject of Fenianism appeared on February 6th, 1866:

"THE FENIAN PEST."

"*Hibernia*—'O my dear sister, what are we to do with those troublesome people?'"

"*Britannia*—'Try isolation first, my dear, and then——'"

The next cartoon is on the subject of the Fenian invasion of Canada:

"THE YANKEE FIREMAN."

"*Canada*—'They say there's a fire at Head Centre House. If it spreads to my premises——'"

"*Fireman Johnson*—'Guess it's only smoke, miss. Wait till it bursts out.'"

On April 13th, 1869, the Senate of the United States, by a majority of 54 to 1, rejected the proposed "*Alabama Claims*" Treaty. Mr. Sumner made a very violent speech against England, saying that "England had done to the United States an injury most difficult to measure," charging her with giving "her name, her influence, her material resources, to the wicked cause, and flinging her sword into the scale with slavery," and saying that she ought to offer an apology, and make moral as well as ample material atonement.

The cartoon, "Humble Pie," represents Jonathan presenting a pie labeled \$800,000,000 to Reverdy Johnson, John Bull's back being turned on the pair in dudgeon:

"*Jonathan* (as interpreted by Mr. Sumner)—'Waal, Reverdy, guess this lot'll about du for your friend, John Bull, thar!'"

"*Reverdy Johnson*—'Ha! I have dined with him a good deal lately, and he won't eat *that*, I promise you.'"

Two cartoons, especially applicable to the present hour, appeared July 20th and 26th, 1869:

"A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER."

"The ghost of Queen Elizabeth goes for Queen Victoria, who is engaged in reading the rancorous amendments of the Lords to the Irish Church Bill."

"*Ghost of Queen Elizabeth*—'Agreed, have they? Ods boddikins! Gads my life and marry come up, sweetheart! In my time I'd have knocked all their addlepates together until they *had* agreed.'"

The second cartoon:

"'THE HARP THAT ONCE,' ETC."

"*Britannia to Hibernia* (who is engaged in tuning a harp 'By that Lake whose Gloomy Shore')—'There, dear, I've tuned the

string for you that made all the discord, and now I hope we may have something like harmony.'

"*Hibernia*—'Ah, thin sister darlin', sure there's another string as 'll have to be tuned by-and-by.'"

Mr. Parnell was in jackets in those days.

When strikes became common, and the discontent of workmen at the conditions of life which show them vast fortunes easily accumulated by men who toil not, *Punch*, in a cartoon, showed its sympathy with their cause while it taught them the necessity of repulsing the criminal class, who sought to profit by the agitation.

Bloomerism gave Mr. Punch a chance at us, as shown in the cartoon:

"BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM."

In 1852, Mr. Punch commenced to "go" for Benjamin Disraeli, whom he followed to the grave, Dizzy's peculiar features, curls, etc., etc., giving the cartoonist exceptional materials to work upon. Some of the cartoons in which Dizzy figured are as amusing as they are clear, and all invariably give measure of the man.

The Indian mutiny gave birth to heroic cartoons and heroic verses. The massacre at Cawnpore led to the "*Liberavimus Animam*," words that burnt into England's brain:

"Who pules about mercy? The agonized wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair."

"Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire."

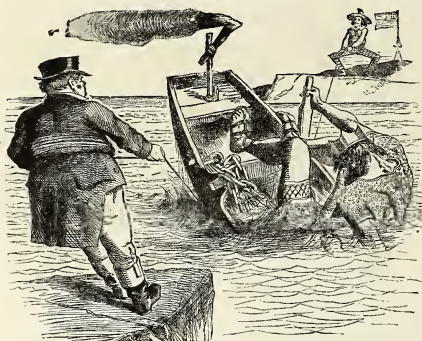
Thackeray's celebrated ballad "The Battle of Limerick," was published in the number of *Punch* that appeared April 29th, 1848. A *soirée* had been given by the Sarsfield Club in honor of O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher, leading Irish patriots and advocates of the "sword."

"Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword,
'Tis he will sheathe the battle-ax in Saxon gore;
And Mitchel of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To drink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore."

Mr. Punch has always been "down" upon Ireland, and many of the brilliant but caustic—fearfully caustic—articles upon the Green Isle and her Islanders have emanated from the pens of her own sons. With the exception of Thackeray, however, whose writing of the brogue was fairly good, the "Irish" of Mr. Punch is, and ever has been, a language of his own. Poor Tom Taylor, the dramatist, and who died in harness while editor of *Punch*, wrote a "skit" upon a very famous coursing match won at Aintree, near Liverpool, by an Irish dog, Master Magrath (pronounced "Magragh"). Tom Taylor made his greyhound "thinner than a lath," and the name of the winner to rhyme to lath. Such a roar of laughter as went over the Emerald Isle when it was learned that the champion dog's name had received this Cockneyified pronunciation! Taylor was known in the Irish circles in London ever after as "Master Magrath."

Mr. Punch became excessively funny over the Chartist movement, and ridiculed its disciples after the most merciless fashion.

Louis Napoleon, refugee, Prince President, Emperor, and the "man of Sedan," was handled by Mr. Punch all through his checkered career without the gloves. It is



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A BAD LOOKOUT FOR DESPOTISM.

JOHN BULL—"Hold fast, Jonathan."
JONATHAN—"All right, Johnny."

asserted that "the man with the drooping lids" endeavored to subsidize his witty enemy, and in so substantial a manner as would tempt, if not to secure, any ordinary publication. But Mr. Punch was not to be bought by a *foreign* potentate, and although a knee-bender and truckler to royalty at home, was ever above suspicion where the chink of foreign gold was concerned. Mr. Tenniel got Napoleon III. down to the finest point, imparting every phase of human passion to a very immobile countenance, so that he had the Emperor of the French at the tip of his facile pencil, and many a Wednesday morning, at the Tuileries, was made hot for the Imperial Court by the cartoon of the stinging and facetious Anglican comic journal.

The famous or infamous *coup d'état* was caricatured, the Republic being a goose in *sabots*, a peasant Napoleon having cut it open for its golden eggs—and the following:

BILL OF THE FRENCH PLAY.
THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, ELYSÉE!
St. Manager, M. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Every Day, until a further *Coup d'état*, will be presented the Laughable Farce, entitled,

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC; OR, FREEDOM IN FETTERS!!

Principal Characters by MM. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, ROCHER, TURBOT, ST. ARNAUD, DUCOS, etc.; and Mlle. FORTUNE; together with a large corps of Supernumeraries.

In addition to whom, the Performance will be supported by

THE ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE FRENCH ARMY!!!

To give every facility for Criticism, and the exercise of Unbiased Opinion,

THE FREE LIST, WITHOUT THE EXCEPTION OF THE PRESS, IS ENTIRELY SUSPENDED!!!!

. In preparation and will be duly announced,

A Revival of the grand serio-comic-melo-dramatic Spectacle, THE EMPIRE!!!!

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! [No Money Returned.]

The "Puseyites" came in for a share of chaff and banter of the liveliest description. The following "skit" was the joke of the day:

PUSEYITE "HISTRIONICS,"

THEATRE CLERICAL, ST. BARNABAS'S, PIMLICO.

The Reverend Proprietor has the honor respectfully to announce that he has established this Temple of the ecclesiastical Drama, with the view, in conjunction with his brother Histrionics,

to bring out a Succession of Novelties; a designation which it is obviously justifiable to apply to Mediæval Revivals, or the reproduction of Mysteries, which, until recently, have never been acted in any Authorized Establishment in this country since the Reformation. To-morrow, and during the week, the Performances will commence with the Farce of

MOCK MATINS; OR, MONKS IN MASQUERADE.

In which the Rev. Mr. Benedict Bam will introduce his celebrated Italian Imitations,

To be followed by a Grand Romanesque Melodramatic Spectacle, entitled:

THE SERVICE IN DISGUISE; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTEBANKS.

With new and startling Effects of Scenery, Dresses and Decorations.

The whole of the Music by Professors Gregory and Ambrose.

This extraordinary Piece, on the getting-up of which no exertion has been spared, will include an imposing display of SERIOUS PANTOMIME;

as certain portions of the Performance will be gone through in Dumb Show, realizing to the imagination of the Audience

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ROMAN RITUAL!

and it is confidently asserted that the Delusion will be Complete. The Rev. Mr. Bam will perform the celebrated feat of reading various Passages

WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE; ANY GIVEN NUMBER OF NO LESS THAN THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES!!

Doors open at seven (in the morning); performance to commence at half-past.

Vicat Pontifex Romanus!

No money returned!

Mr. Punch, on the 24th of December, 1863, went into mourning for one of his most brilliant contributors, William Makepeace Thackeray, the great novelist, the brilliant satirist, and consummate master of pure English.

"WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"While generous tributes are everywhere paid to the genius of him who has been suddenly called away in the fullness of his power and the maturity of his fame, some who have for many years enjoyed the advantage of his assistance and the delight of his society would simply record that they have lost a dear friend.



THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.

At an early period in the history of this periodical he became a contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them, and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestion and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humor, and the catholic range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others; the mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest gentleman, whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him would desire."

The question of the right of women to the Parliamentary franchise was, in 1868, made before the public. Several females had sent in their claim to vote as being ratepayers, and some overseers had included women in the list of persons entitled to vote. The Revisory Barristers at Manchester decided against the claims of the



BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM.



THE POLITICAL EGG-DANCE.

ladies, a Miss Becker being one of the foremost champions of her sex in this matter.

Mr. Punch thus travestied the affair :

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

HAMLET (on the present occasion, and by desire of several persons of quality). A REVISING BARRISTER.

OPHELIA (by her own desire) LADY CLAIMANT.

Ophe'ia. Good, my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

Hamlet. I humbly thank you, well. But, good, my lady,

Lord me no lords, at least this many a day.

What is your will with me? You have a will

All women have their will, as I have heard.

Ophe'ia. My lord—

Hamlet. Again I tell you I'm no lord,

Nor shall be one till I be made a judge,

A thing that may or may not come to pass.

But women never comprehend a case.

Ophe'ia. I am very sorry you should say that thing,

For I've a case in which you must be judge.

Hamlet. I guess it well. You come to claim a vote—

A vote which you would give at an election?

Ophe'ia. Nay, who's in error now? My vote is claimed,

And in your hand the claim. I come to hear

That you retain me on the register.

Hamlet. Register stoves and kitchen-ranges, miss,

And all things culinary appertaining,

Were more in what I beg to call your line.

Ophe'ia. That's your opinion. I stand here for law.

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophe'ia. My lord—I mean, sir!

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophe'ia. What means your—Impudence?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, you have no business in a contested election, where there is neither honesty nor fairness.

Ophe'ia. Women will introduce both.

Hamlet. Bosh! Get thee to a nursery. Why would'st thou be a meddler in politics? I am myself indifferent honest—

Ophe'ia. I doubt not the indifference. Advocacy, regardless of the right or wrong, perverts the heart and corrupts the understanding.

Hamlet. Get thee to a nursery, I say. I am, I repeat, indifferent honest, yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better I had never eaten my terms. I am loquacious, reckless, hard-mouthed, and there is nothing I would not do for a Solieitor-generalship. What do you want in a corrupt atmosphere? We are arrant knaves all. Keep away from us. Go thy ways to a nursery. Where's your father?

Ophe'ia. At home, sir.

Hamlet. Does he know that you are out?

Ophe'ia. Ay, my—your Impudence.

Hamlet. Go home and tell him to lock you up with the cookery-book, that you may play the goose nowhere but in his own house. Get thee to a nursery—go! Farewell.

Ophe'ia. See if I don't tell Miss Becker.

[Exit.



A WORD TO THE MERMAIDS.

NEPTUNE—"Aho-o-o-o-o-y! Get off o' that 'ere cable, can't yer! That's the way t' other one war wrecked!"

Thomas Hood was born at London, in 1798, and after leaving school was placed in the counting-house of a Russian merchant, but his health failing, he was sent to Dundee. At the age of seventeen he returned to London, and engaged himself to learn the art of engraving with his uncle. In 1821 he was offered the post of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, which he accepted, and at once entered upon its duties, and an extensive literary acquaintance. His first separate publication was entitled "Odes and Address to Great People." He published "Whims and Oddities" in 1826, of which a second and third series appeared during the two following years. In 1829 he commenced the *Comic Annual*, and continued it for nine years. He edited *The Gem* for one year, contributing to its pages his striking poem entitled, "Eugene Aram's Dream." In 1831 he went to reside at Wanstead, in Essex, where he wrote his novel of "Tyne Hall," but pecuniary difficulties supervening, he returned to London in 1835. In 1838 he commenced the publication of *Hood's Own*, to which his portrait was attached. Health failing about this time, he went to reside on the Continent, and remained there six years. In 1839 he published "Up the Rhine," the idea of which was taken from "Humphry Clinker." On his return to England he became the editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, and, on his withdrawal from the management, in 1843, he published "Whimsicalities," consisting chiefly of his contributions to that serial.

In 1844, he started *Hood's Magazine*, and contributed to its pages till within a month of his death.

Hood takes a high place both as a humorist and as a serious poet. He is great at once in comely and pathos, and he sometimes curiously mingles and combines both. As a punster, he was supreme. His "Eugene Aram's Dream," "Song of the Shirt," and "Bridge of Sighs," are among the most perfect poems of their kind in the English language.

Douglas Jerrold was born in London, January 3d, 1803. His early efforts in literature were directed to the theatre, and some of his pieces—"Black-eyed Susan" (1829, for instance)—still hold possession of the stage. At a later period he produced several five-act comedies, the best-known of which are, "Time Works Wonders" and the "Bubbles of a Day." His reputation stands more securely on his novels, sketches and essays than on his dramatic works. His "Men of Character" was originally published in Blackwood. He joined the staff of *Punch* in 1841, and contributed to that periodical "A Story of a Feather," "Punch's Letters to his Son," and the world famous "Candle Lectures." Later appeared "The Chronicles of Cloverbrook," the kindest and most delightful of all his books, and "St. Giles and St. James," his most elaborate novel. For several years before his death he edited *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. He died from disease of the heart at Kilburn Priory, at the age of fifty-five. He was a brilliant rather than a great man of letters. His reputation as a social wit stands higher than his reputation as a writer. He was greater in society than in his closet. Like a flint, every strike brought fire from him.

HIS DOUBLE.

THOSE curious personal resemblances which are not uncommon have given rise to the popular belief that every man has his double somewhere in the world. It appears that the double of an eminent professor of physiology at a German university is a hairdresser, whose shop is situated in the immediate neighborhood of that

institution, and who, aware of his likeness to the learned doctor, carefully copies the latter in dress, bearing and demeanor.

A few days ago the professor was walking homeward from his lecture-room, when a gentleman entirely unknown to him stopped him in the street, saying, "Follow me to my house; I want you to cut my hair." The amiable professor, one of whose principles of life it has always been never to withhold from a fellow-creature any service that it might be within his power to render, meekly accompanied the stranger home, and there addressed himself to the task thus imperatively prescribed to him. Lacking professional scissors, he picked up a pair of shears, used for cutting paper, from a writing-table in the dressing-room to which he was conducted, and with this implement proceeded most conscientiously to cut his victim's hair down to the very roots. When he had cleared about half the skull, he accidentally struck the point of his shears into the scalp of his patient, who, springing to his feet in great pain and wrath, exclaimed: "Can't you take care what you are about? Do you call yourself a haircutter?" "A haircutter!" returned the astonished sage. "Certainly not! I am only Professor B—, very much at your service, as you perceive."

THE GARDEN ROSES OF INDIA.

THE principal garden roses cultivated in Europe and in India may be traced to Western Asia and China. The old-fashioned Summer roses which were the ornament of gardens in Europe forty to fifty years ago are mostly referred to *Rosa gallica*, which has its home in South Europe and Western Asia, and to *Rosa centifolia* and *damascena*, which probably came from the mountains of Armenia and Northern Persia. All these are distinguished by the incomparable delicacy of their aroma, and of the two last-named kinds one or the other is cultivated on a large scale in Southern France, Italy, Macedonia, Asia Minor, Persia, and Northern India, for rose-water and essence or roses (attar). The flowering season of these kinds is short, lasting a few weeks only, and it was an important event for horticulture when, toward the close of last century, the China roses were introduced in Europe. The most important of these was *Rosa Indica*, thus called by Linnaeus because it was brought from India, where it has long been grown in gardens. Its home, however, is not India, but China, and its great value consists in this, that it flowers throughout Summer and Autumn, hence the name autumnal rose, also monthly rose (*Monatsrose*). For this reason a variety was called *Rosa semperflorens*. Another variety, described under the name of *Rosa fragrans*, distinguished by its strong though not always very delicate scent, became the parent of the tea-roses. By crossing these kinds and other species with the old garden roses, the numberless varieties of hybrid perpetuals and tea-roses have been obtained, which now ornament the gardens in Europe as well as in India.

In India nine or ten species of roses are indigenous, but with the exception of *Rosa moschata*, a magnificent climber of wide distribution, none have contributed to the production of garden roses. All have their local names in the language of the district where they grow, but—and this is a most remarkable fact—the rose has no name in Sanskrit. In some dictionaries *Java* is rendered as *Rose*, but this is an altogether different shrub, *Hibiscus Rosa-sinensis*, the well-known shoe-flower (used for blacking shoes) of Indian gardens, believed to be indigenous